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## POSITION OF WOMEN.

THERE is a strange, muddling, under-current of opinion, which occasionally gurgles up to the surface, and appears before respectable company, to the effect that women are not done justice to by men; in so far as they are not allowed the same political privileges, and are excluded from several professions. The movement has hitherto been most conspicuous in America, where there have been one or two conventions of females for the purpose of issuing declarations, and taking other measures for the purpose of obtaining the rights assumed to be withheld by the opposite sex. Even in this country, where there is usually a soberer feeling towards novel views, there are some writers who seriously avow their belief that it is right and fitting for women to intermingle in politics, and to contribute their votes along with men at all elections, and who can foresee no impropriety whatever in inviting women into every profession for which they may conceive themselves to be fitted. It will readily occur to most people, as a serious difficulty in the way of granting them common electoral rights, that in nearly every part of our empire they would in that case outvote the sterner sex, there happening to be 800,000 more women in the island of Great Britain than men. We refer, however, to this merely as a jest, for the other objections are so overwhelming as to require no such aid to make them hold with the rational part of society.

It is either blindly overlooked or perversely ignored by the arguers for women's rights, that nature has, in the very first place, given women a different physiological constitution, and therefore a different social destiny from men. There never could be any true political equality between the sexes; and even their legal rights can scarcely be equal, simply because they are naturally unequal. It might be more polite to say they are different; but we shall still prefer the honest, downright course of saying they are unequal.

A late writer on the side of the Women's Rights' Movement was content to do no more on this point than to quote a passage from the writings of Sydney Smith: 'A great deal has been said of the original difference of capacity between men and women, as if women were more quick and men were more judicious—as if women were more remarkable for delicacy of sensation, and men for stronger powers of attention. All this, we confess, appears to us very fanciful. That there is a difference in the understandings of the men and the women we every day meet with, everybody, we suppose, must perceive; but there is none, surely, which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without

referring to any conjectural difference of original conformation of mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt and trundle hoops together, they are both perfectly alike. If you catch up one-half of these creatures, and train them in a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action. There is surely no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon.'

Now, in the first place, we never could be content to rest so great a question as this upon the opinion of Sydney Smith or any other man, as to the mere mental organisation of the sexes. In the second, we deny that the opinion of the reverend canon of St Paul's is right. We appeal to every father of a family who has had both sons and daughters, and to every teacher who has had both boys and girls in his charge, if he did not observe a substantial difference in the mental organisation of the sexes. We have put the question to hundreds, and never did we fail to get for answer that boys are from the earliest period of infancy different from girls, and require a different kind of management. In truth, it is so notorious a fact among those who judge from experience, that we cannot look but with a kind of pity on a writer avowing an opinion so heterodox to the simplest principles of mental science. It is indeed true that the human mind is the same thing in the two sexes; and it is not less true that there is more intellectual power in some women than in some men. How a Mrs Somerville, for instance, downweighs a whole load of common men! But these particulars are nothing to the purpose. We must take women in general against men in general; and we must consider not merely the amount of intellectual acuteness or force which may be in the two sexes respectively, but the entire female character against the entire masculine character.

What is so striking to those who have really entitled themselves by observation to speak on this subject is, that while the girl may learn her lessons as fast as her brother, and speak on most subjects as much to the purpose, she is in her entire character a softer and weaker being. The boy is rough, difficult to control, adventurous, self-dependent, obdurate—this as a rule: of course there are exceptions. The girl is at the same time found gentle, docile, timorous, submissive: this also as a rule, fully admitting that it fails in particular instances. We have heard numberless parents of families declare that they could more easily manage six girls than two boys. In attributing the difference usually observable to the boys and girls being trained

to a particular set of actions and opinions, Sydney Smith has only pronounced himself, to our apprehension, as ignorant of the whole matter. The idea deserves only to be ranked with that of certain philosophers who have gravely argued—we believe it has been argued several times from the days of Plato downwards—that there is no native difference of talent or disposition in men, and that all the differences seen in their mature days are the effect of education. From how many foolish philosophical fancies would a little actual observation free us!

We cannot stop to adduce proofs in support of our view; but we have no doubt that the great mass of sensible and reflecting men will support us in assuming that it is on the whole correct. If it be so, it takes all plausibility away from the claim put forward for women, that they ought to be excluded from no privilege which is enjoyed, and no profession which is open to the opposite sex. Public life and all its concerns require those qualities of resolution and reflection in which women are in general deficient. If intrusted with votes, they would, in ninety-nine out of a hundred instances, use them at the command or entreaty of some male connection; so that no fresh independent opinion would be infused into the election. True we accept a female as a sovereign; but so also should we in that situation support a moderately-endowed man. In that case the genealogical idea constitutes the quality required: we do not look for personal qualities beyond a medium share of the ordinary human faculties. As to the professions, we might at once bring the claim to the *reductio ad absurdum*, by asking if the army ought to be composed of equal parts of women and men. But we proceed to wider ground, and say that the general sense of fitness and expediency has hitherto determined, and will continue to determine the point. A woman obviously cannot be a soldier or a sailor. There are many occupations which she cannot cope with from want of physical strength. There are others, both high and low—as an example of the former we might adduce the law—which women might undertake, if mere intellectual acuteness and diligence were the sole requisites; but it often happens that in such professions there is a necessity for personal vigour and combativeness such as can only be regularly looked for among the harder sex; in others a certain rudeness of circumstances is unavoidable, and from this it is most desirable that women should be exempt. We here lay no stress whatever upon the liability of women to be diverted or withheld from any duties they undertake by those connected with maternity, for we regard that difficulty as one of an occasional character which might to a great extent be overcome. But we cannot but attach consequence to those objections which refer to the preservation of feminine delicacy. It is entirely a question of comparative advantages.

On the one hand, it must be admitted that the enforced idleness in which a great number of women belonging to the middle classes are kept, by reason of the scruples which forbid their entering into any kind of business which brings them in contact with the public, is an evil under the sun, and one which is attended by many bad effects. On the other hand, the lady who is confined to the retirement of elegant domestic life possesses a charm which most people would think poorly exchanged for the fruits of any professional activity she could exert, attended as these would necessarily be by more or less damage to that fine moral enamel which is so highly appreciated. Here we think there is some room for debate. It may be fairly questioned whether the refinement of the retired lady is not bought at too high a price—whether the evils apprehended from a freer intercourse with the world are not less than those which actually arise from the vacancy of thought resulting from a harem-like seclusion. We, for our own part, are most ready to

deplore the unnatural vacuity in which women are left, and the hardships to which they are often exposed from the difficulty of procuring a means of independent subsistence without a sacrifice of their position in society. But we believe that these are evils which the progress of society, and nothing else, will cure. Humanity and refinement are extending every day through the mass of the people. Generous, forbearing, and protective feelings towards women must, in the course of things, supersede much of the reckless levity and the unworthy sensuality with which the softer sex are now regarded. An improved *morals* will enable women to venture into spheres of exertion which they cannot now safely approach. In the meantime, if women are injured by the public opinion which prevents them from entering upon various occupations, we must lay the evil to the charge of the public morality and civilisation, which is not yet competent entirely to protect them.

The advocates of what are called Women's Rights make a loud complaint of the subordinate state in which women are kept by men, as if they were the victims of some monstrous tyranny, and never exercised any influence as women. This seems to us truly absurd when we recollect the equality of consideration, the deference, and the protecting tenderness shewn to women almost everywhere throughout society. It is a suspicious fact against the views of the new party, that the women themselves do not as a class grumble at their situation—unless we look upon the attempt now making in America at a change of costume as the beginning of a general revolution. It must be considered, however, that the appropriation by the transatlantic ladies of that mystical garment usually monopolised by men is not so much an invasion of the rights of the male sex as an expression of their discontent at the inconvenience suffered by their own. There can be no good reason why our drawing-rooms should continue to the end of the chapter to be filled with Mother Bunches, or why our streets should be swept perpetually with muslin or satin besoms; and for this reason we think it no abandonment of our theory to suppose, and to hope, that the movement alluded to may end in some modification of the female dress. But in other matters tasteful women are by no means the malcontents they might be supposed from agitation of a less reasonable kind. The fact is, they are generally sensible that their proper position is one which allows of man standing forward to bear the shock and struggle of the world. They feel that it is their proper part, not to make and support a home, but to adorn it when it has been made by a being more fitted by nature for that duty. There are some points, we believe, in their legal position which might bear amendment; but on the whole their condition, when they observe moral rules, is not a severe one, and they may take further comfort from the consideration that it will continually improve.

#### FADLALLAH.

PEOPLE who have been employed in official situations under absolute and irresponsible princes, though from old habit not very communicative, sometimes, in their moments of expansion, as the French phrase it, indulge in strange revelations of the secret workings of authority. As a matter of course their sympathies are engaged for the most part on the side of power; and it is curious to observe the exclusion from their narratives of all moral reflections, of all positive opinions, and, above all, of that natural indignation which the contemplation of uncalled-for cruelty arouses in the majority of men. This state of mind is brought about by an attempt to satisfy their own consciences. They try to persuade themselves that they have been the instruments of a kind of human destiny, to which no more

responsibility attaches than to the motions of a steam-engine. A consciousness of some fallacy in this theory lurks of course in their mind, but it rarely betrays itself in language, though not unfrequently in an uneasy manner, and a scrutinising look at the face of the listener. The following anecdote is told in the words of one of the Frank secretaries of the celebrated Bosphorus, chief minister of Mohammed Ali, late viceroy of Egypt.

I was sitting one day in the private office arranging some papers, and waiting the arrival of my principal, when a rapid dialogue in the outer room, the doorway of which was covered by a curtain, drew my attention. Both voices spoke in Arabic—the loudest in a tone of passionate entreaty, scarcely justified by the indifferent objections urged by the other against an invasion of the privacy of my apartment. I was in the act of clapping my hands, when the curtain was thrust hastily aside, and a person dressed in the European style entered, followed by a black slave expostulating, as in duty bound, on the intrusion. The newcomer looked surprised and annoyed at seeing me, and muttered something about its being of the greatest consequence to him to have an interview with his excellency. I begged him to be seated, and wait for half an hour; dismissed the slave; and proceeded with the arrangement of the papers. Properly speaking, I should have inquired his name and business; but so great and evident was his agitation, that I thought it best to allow him some time to recover. He threw himself on a divan, and endeavoured to appear calm, but without success. From time to time I cast a glance towards him, and gradually felt my curiosity and interest increase. He was a young man, not more than two-and-twenty years old, and of marked Oriental physiognomy. I could not, however, make out to what race he belonged—such delicate and expressive features being found in nearly equal proportions amongst Turks, Arabs, and Levantines of various classes, without being common everywhere. He was dressed rather elegantly in the Parisian style; and the more I observed him the more I was struck by the contrast between the general polish of his manner and the uneasy cowering expression that occasionally flashed across his features. It is due to my sagacity to say, that I arrived at last at the conclusion that he was an Eastern slave in the disguise of a European gentleman.

My curiosity went on increasing, and the desire to speak was becoming irresistible, when the bey entered the apartment. I shall never forget the look of perplexity and compassion that appeared in the countenance of the old minister, nor that of mingled fear and hope by which it was met. 'Fadlallah here!' at length exclaimed the bey. I was surprised at the rapidity with which I understood the whole affair in the sound of that name; and probably my settled conviction that it was a hopeless case disclosed itself in my look, for the young man, seemingly anxious to collect all opinions, bent his eyes intently upon me when he saw me start, and then, burying his face in his hands, wept like a child.

The case was this: Fadlallah was one of the young men who had been sent for education to Europe. He formed part of the Leghornese College, and I knew that various very unfavourable reports upon his conduct had been forwarded by the superintendent; and that, in fact, some time previously, it had been announced that he had not only broken the bounds but turned Christian, and claimed protection from the native authorities. This was an unpardonable offence; and for him voluntarily to throw himself into the hands of the Egyptian government appeared to me to be sheer madness. Possibly his excellency thought as I did, for after some silence he muttered, 'Poor fellow!' and then recovering his official serenity, coldly asked what was the meaning of this visit.

The meaning was evident enough. Poor Fadlallah wanted to be forgiven, to be taken again into favour, or at anyrate allowed permission to join his family—wealthy people in Cairo. He spoke a long time, and said some eloquent things; but it was evident that his protracted residence in Europe had caused his views of the state of Egypt to differ considerably from the truth: and when he two or three times based his hopes of pardon on the fact which he had read in newspapers, that Mohammed Ali was now the 'father of his people,' I could see a smile, half-satirical half-contemptuous, play for an instant round the thin lips of my sagacious master. When the appeal was concluded, I began to suggest some questions; but the bey interrupted me, saying: 'There are three facts ascertained: Fadlallah has disobeyed orders, has claimed foreign protection, and has embraced Christianity—fatal, unpardonable acts; on the other hand, he has trusted in the clemency of his highness. We shall see whether that trust be well founded.'

Fadlallah was handed over, not exactly to my custody, but to my care; and he was advised rather than ordered to keep the room allotted to him next to mine. He had probably expected to be sent to prison, or at least to have a sentinel placed at his door, and augured well from the omission of these precautions. For my own part I scarcely knew what to think, and could not refrain, the first time I was alone with the bey, from asking what his real opinion was. But he at once checked my inquisitiveness, and rather roughly turned to another subject. This was enough for me; and considering that, after all, I had no particular reason for feeling an interest in this young man, I contented myself with quoting the highest result of Oriental philosophy: 'God is merciful. What is decreed will come to pass.' It is astonishing of what vast utility this doctrine proves in the East, even to us Europeans. There is scarcely any other justification to an honest man for remaining in these countries; certainly there is no other preservation for the sensitive man from despondency and despair. Fortunately everything, even the climate, seems to inculcate its truth and necessitate its adoption. Practical fatalism is the growth of these hot and dreamy latitudes.

Nevertheless I could not but feel some interest in the fortunes of young Fadlallah; and though he was melancholy, and at first averse to society, in two or three days we began to be sociable. We took our meals and smoked together, but it was some time before he alluded to his own circumstances. Indeed, we had not exchanged more than a few words on the subject, until one afternoon, when I had concluded my usual work, the bey took up a letter, and with a very grave countenance read the following paragraph:—'His highness has been made acquainted with the case of Fadlallah, and has paid attention to the extenuating circumstances. What is needful to be done will be ordered.'

'And what may be the inference?' I began to inquire.

'Communicate this paragraph to the person whom it concerns,' said the bey dryly.

I took a copy, and was retiring. The bey called me back, and having looked very steadfastly at me for a moment, observed with an affectation of carelessness: 'I believe the Greek barque *Otho* sails for Smyrna to-morrow morning at break of day.'

'I will make inquiries,' I said.

'Pshaw! I know she does. You ought to know it too,' replied the bey peevishly, and motioning to me to retire.

His meaning was now evident. I went to join my new friend Fadlallah, and with as much gentleness as possible told the news. He listened over and over again to the paragraph, read it himself, and so far from entertaining any sinister apprehensions, believed that



his pardon would surely be given. It was in vain I suggested that the bey ought best to understand his master's character, and strongly urged the prudence of flight, according to the hint that had been thrown out. He only hesitated for a moment, smiled at my fears, and jocularly asked where the money was to come from. He had not got a piastre. I offered to advance him money, which I was sure his family would repay; but he could not be brought to believe that there was any immediate necessity for action. 'To-morrow,' he cried, 'a positive decision will arrive, and then, if it be unfavourable, there will be time to fly.' I shrugged my shoulders, and as if by mutual consent we dropped the subject—I remaining anxious and gloomy, he becoming full of hope and spirits, and talking with incessant vivacity.

After supper he asked me if there was any objection to his walking out to enjoy the evening air. I saw none, and proposed to accompany him. We went forth together, and soon found ourselves on the then deserted beach of the Cape of Figs, between the castle of the Pharos and the lighthouse. The moon had already run the greater part of her course, and sloped her yellow beams over a broad extent of dancing waves that came to break in flashes of melancholy light amidst the ruined barrier of rocks that nature has extended to protect the shore. The massive forms of the palace and its attendant buildings were nearly buried in gloom; but the white houses of the Turkish town clustering at the base of the promontory shewed in fantastic and spectral beauty in the distance. These objects, however, were visible only for awhile. We soon went down close to the water's edge, and could see nothing but a dim bank on one hand, and on the other, as I have said, the shadowy sea, from which ever and anon gleams of light seemed to arise.

It is not often that I feel the effect of external nature on my spirits; but there are times when, if I may so express myself, my individuality is not on the watch, and I suffer certain scenes and outward objects to play their own tune upon my mind. Not that I believe there is any mystical communion on such occasions more than on others between man and nature, but our attention not being particularly directed to some absorbing topic, physical impressions do not merely beat against the senses, but carry their vibrations as it were into the centre of our being. Probably it was the combined result of previous intellectual fatigue, of the confined prospect, the imperfect light, and the cold, damp wind that blew, as well as of some childish association between the confused rustling sound of the waves, and the idea of fear—possibly an undue solicitude about the fate of one who really had no particular claims on my interest; but I must confess, that after we had walked to and fro for about twenty minutes, I fell into a horrible state of despondency and mental discomfort, felt myself shivering, and could not resist the inclination every now and then to look over my shoulder. A medical man has informed me that had it not been for a violent shock I subsequently received, the consequences sooner or later might have been a severe fever.

I am not the man, however, to yield tamely to such a defeat. I resolved to rally and regain lost ground, and accordingly entered into conversation with Fadlallah, and by degrees persuaded him to give me an account of some of his adventures, and of the motives which had led him in the first place to quit the college, and which had now induced him to put himself once more in the power of an irate master. He seemed rather eager than otherwise to satisfy my curiosity, and told me his whole history—how he had been taken very young from his parents, and sent to Leghorn; how he had studied with enthusiasm, and become an adept in the learning of the Franks; how he had expected to astonish the Egyptian world on his return by the bril-

liancy of his acquirements. It was evident, that he had left Egypt so young that he had totally forgotten the spirit of its civilisation, if that word can without derision be applied in such a case. His ideas were entirely European: there was nothing Oriental in him, except that fear of superior power, and that absolute acquiescence in its decrees; that cringing hope of favour, and that impotence of imagining an escape from wrath which I had noticed when I first saw him, and which was made still more manifest by his unwillingness to entertain for a moment seriously the proposition I had that night made to him—not to depend on a doubtful clemency, but to gird up his loins, and fly for his life and liberty.

About a couple of years before his return he had gone to Pisa; and there, in a season of unexampled happiness, his errors and misfortunes took their rise. Having visited the Campo-Santo, the Cathedral, and the Leaning Tower, in company with several companions, he had strayed alone down a long and silent street, partly overgrown with grass, and flanked by houses which seemed to be dreaming of centuries past, and to take no note of the present time. At the farther end was a garden surrounded by a low, half-ruined wall and the remnants of an iron paling, behind which, forming a better defence, rose a hedge of solid green. A number of trees—as willows, lilacs, acacias, and others—drooped, moreover, their green and purple and golden tresses overhead, and flung fragmentary shadows on the pavement without the ruined wall. Fadlallah went up to the gate, attracted by these cheerful objects, and finding it ajar, with true Eastern familiarity entered, and sitting down by a quaint fountain on a rickety bench, very soon fell into such a state of trance, that he fancied himself in the gardens of Shonbra, or perhaps in those of Paradise itself. The latter imagination might have been encouraged by a sight which presently appeared, and disturbing his unsubstantial reverie, gave his waking senses something to feed upon. This was a young girl who issued forth from the door of a house, which, I had forgotten to say, stood at the bottom of the garden, and came slowly in the direction of Fadlallah's resting-place. His presence was not soon observed, partly because the new-comer was occupied in watching the progress of a variety of shrubs and flowers, planted probably by her hand, partly because the willow-tree under which the young man sat threw its drooping branches around him in a kind of natural screen.

I will not attempt to repeat the rapturous ecstasies which Fadlallah bestowed on the beauty of this young girl. By a not unnatural consequence of an education in opposition to his temperament, he spoke of her in terms of incoherent admiration—now as an angel, now as a houri; now almost materialising her into the sultana of a harem, now subtilising her into a spirit. Suffice it to say that he loved her—not with the feeble, squeamish affection which boys call love, and which young ladies, with truer taste, call 'inclination,' but with that passionate, all-absorbing love of which we read in romances, and which I have no doubt is sometimes felt by natures of mingled tenderness and ferocity. For my part I never experienced more than a gentle friendship for any woman, and can with as much difficulty put myself in the position of the impassioned Fadlallah as in that of a raving madman.

I can understand better the delight with which he saw her draw near—now seeming to be a dim shade beneath the trees, now a ray of sunshine more bright and tangible than the others. Standing on that dark and desolate beach, Fadlallah raised his voice above the hoarse lashing of the waves, and told with garrulous enthusiasm how his vision of beauty came on—now stopping to trim a plant, now to gaze at an exquisite flower; sometimes streaming slowly on in one of the pensive reveries of youth, sometimes trip-

ping lightly under the impulse of a lively thought: as I heard all this I began to feel a friendship for him perfectly incompatible with my official character, and which, thank Heaven! a stranger does not often succeed in exciting in me.

The path wound, and the view was sometimes intercepted by a clump of trees. More than once as the young girl lingered behind one of these, Fadlallah feared that she had changed her intention of advancing, and had gone back or turned aside; but at length she came to the opposite front of the fountain, and observing a stranger, stood for a moment in an attitude of surprise and confusion. Fadlallah's presence of mind seemed not to have deserted him in his admiration. He spoke, apologised for his intrusion, praised the garden, and said something of the beauty of its mistress. Her answers were brief and apposite; but she was too timid to enter into a regular conversation, and Fadlallah was beginning to feel that he was prolonging his intrusion beyond reasonable limits, when an old gentleman, who had been approaching unobserved by him in a different direction, made his appearance.

I leave you to work up a romance out of this narrative if you please. For my part, I shall adhere exactly to truth. The old gentleman was Count —, the head of a noble family reduced almost to poverty, and scarcely able to continue inhabiting the large mansion of his fathers. The garden was tended by his own hands and those of his daughter Fenella; and in spite of their aristocratic origin they were both very simple, nay, humble people, except when one or two hereditary prejudices were brought into play. You seem to think that such characters are not necessarily unromantic; but where, in the harmonious monotony of their existence, can you find the materials of the sublime: what mighty passions can have played around their tranquil hearth—what greater sorrows are likely to have occurred to them than the bursting of a bottle of the count's good wine, stored up for special occasions? or the death of Fenella's linnet; or the rebellion of the aged domestic, sent round unreasonably often to beat up credit amidst plebeian shopkeepers? You smile; but my ideas of romance include spacious halls and battlemented castles, and haughty dames and gallant knights, and elegant squires and prancing horses, and hooded falcons and the glistening of warlike weapons; and quite exclude a decayed, old, shabby-genteel nobleman, living on economical principles with a daughter who makes her own clothes, and is as often seen in the kitchen as in her bower!

Admitting, however, that something might be made of all this—what do you think of our schoolboy, Fadlallah, representing himself as an Eastern prince on his travels, and suppressing altogether the fact of his Mohammedanism?—what do you think of his thus acquiring the confidence of the old count under false pretences, as well as the love of his daughter? This came not all to pass in a day, but it came to pass very shortly. Fadlallah played the truant; remained a fortnight instead of a day at Pisa; spent every day in the society of the count and his daughter; and returned only to restraint and reprimand when every farthing of money he possessed was exhausted. Of course he contrived to construct a plausible excuse; and of course, after a brief period, he started off to Pisa again without permission. One or two escapades of this kind produced a threat from the superintendent that he should be sent back to Egypt; upon which he openly rebelled, scorned all authority, and absented himself entirely from the school. He obtained a little money by selling some jewels and weapons he possessed, and naturally repaired to Pisa, to drink in draughts of love and hope from the eyes of his fair Fenella.

Whether from a conscientious motive, or from a desire to produce a decisive impression on a somewhat superstitious mind, he was led to confess to being a

Moslem, and to express a desire of conversion. He solemnly and publicly abjured his religion, and adopted that of the delighted Fenella. Soon he openly declared himself her suitor, was accepted, and looked forward to being speedily united with the object of his love. His means, however, were drawing to a close, and he was ashamed to confess the falsehood he had originally uttered about his wealth. He wrote to his family in Egypt, but received no answer—all his letters being intercepted in our office; and at length, in a fit of rash confidence, or under the irresistible impulse of fate, went down to Leghorn and again entered into communication with the Egyptian agents. These persons, it appears, considered it to be of paramount importance that an example should be made of him, and adopted very unjustifiable means; such as stating that the pacha had expressed benevolent intentions towards him, to induce him to go on board an Egyptian frigate that happened to be in the harbour. Thus he had come to Alexandria, entertaining high hopes of forgiveness, but determining in his own mind that when he could lay hands on a certain sum of money he would again make his escape, and return to claim the hand of Fenella. A letter to the count had already explained that sudden business had called him back to his country; and he had prepared a very beautiful and probable story for his return—to the effect that he had been driven from his dominions by a rival prince, and had only escaped with a small sum of money.

Laying aside all prudential considerations, I repaid this story by overthrowing every hope expressed by poor Fadlallah during its relation, and earnestly besought him to accompany me at once down to the old port, where I could easily get a boat at any time of the night, and I engaged in half an hour to put him on board the bark *Otho*. He seemed staggered by my serious tone, and asked me in a very trembling voice what the usual punishment of such disobedience as he had been guilty of might be. He did not understand that the most important charge was the change of religion; and when I mentioned the galleys for life, or perhaps death, he laughed; but it was an uneasy, fearful laugh, representing the strange and terrible ideas that were arising amidst his reverie of love like a huge loathsome snake rearing its head above a beautiful bed of flowers. He told me then, in a few rapid, pathetic phrases, such as I have heard no other man pronounce, how his whole soul was wrapped up in Fenella; and how he feared death only because it would cause a separation between him and her. Then certain doubts and anxieties shook his mind, but they were expressed in disconnected sentences; and I could only guess that his soul was rising towards that delirium which it only attains when earth seems to have broken all its bright and glorious promises, and heaven, closing in its marble vault, sternly shuts out the golden vista of futurity, and coldly echoes back the shout of agony which scepticism and despair hurl up against it. I tried to bring him into a better spirit, and recollecting the words of some good old German pastor considered appropriate for such painful occasions, preached to him very effectively, though more in the style of a jail chaplain who has no time to lose than in that of a casual friend.

In this kind of dialogue we lost some time; but I was again urging the absolute necessity of flight, and pleading for Fenella as if I knew and loved her, when a number of torches rapidly advancing from the direction of the palace drew our attention.

'What are those?' inquired Fadlallah, frightened at anything now.

'Nothing but the patrol,' I said; 'let us remain close down by the water's edge. They will pass along the high bank; and when they are out of sight we will cross the promontory to the boat, and you shall go aboard.'

'Yes,' he answered, half-crouching as if to hide; 'I will do as you tell me. I will quit this place of blood—I will fly for my life. What if I be poor, will Fenella love me less? I will tell all—I will offer to work to gain my living. I can be a physician, a lawyer—anything, so that I get free from this horrible country. Don't you think that Fenella will love me poor, as she loved me supposing me to be rich? Is it probable she will change? Oh fool, madman that I was to tell that lie, which the effort to conceal has brought me into the Valley of the Shadow of Death!'

He was talking in this strain when the torches reached abreast of us and suddenly came to a halt. It was the patrol; but with them was the terrible Billal Aga, governor of Alexandria, whose presence under such circumstances always told of vengeance and blood. I had nothing to fear for myself, but my whole frame trembled. I could not utter a single word, but stood by gasping whilst that tragic scene took place. It passed rapidly like a hideous phantom borne on the wings of a tempest-dream. Not a sound but the hoarse murmur of the waves disturbed the air—no cry of menace, no shriek of terror. The Billal Aga stood forth, and on the lofty, pure brow of that unhappy youth, who only drew himself up as if recovering his dignity at the last moment, the deadly mace rushed like a sledge-hammer. An expressive sign commanded the head to be severed from the body; then the corpse was thrust into a sack ready prepared; and presently I saw two soldiers in their white uniforms staggering along a projecting ledge like two dim spectres, with the surf rushing about their feet, and the glare of the torches flashing feebly and more feebly upon their forms. A heavy splash, awfully distinct, came at length to my ear; the two soldiers returned; the patrol, which had stood impassively looking on, resumed their marching order; the Billal Aga smiled one ferocious smile; and away they swept along the solitary beach, watched alone by me until the blood-red gleam of the torches lighted up the gloomy walls of a mass of ruined houses, and then disappeared.

The narrator paused, endeavouring to regain his composure. But he afterwards added, that he had written an account of this tragic occurrence to Fenella's father. No answer ever came; and thus we must remain ignorant whether Fadlallah was remembered as he deserved to be, or whether the love he had inspired was buried with him in the hungry waves.

#### 'THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF'

HAVING seen the fruits of the world's industry, let us go and see the world itself. Our journey will be to no greater distance than Leicester Square; and in that region, sacred to needlework, panoramas, and foreigners, we will see a representation of our earth, unique in its design, unparalleled in its magnitude, and unsurpassed in its accuracy. In fact, since the world was a world it has never contained such a portrait of itself.

In the centre of this close and dingy-looking square there has been erected by the enterprise of Mr Wylde, the well-known map publisher, a large circular building, surmounted by a dome, and approached by four neat loggias opening into the four sides of the square. Entering by one of these we find ourselves in a circular passage about 250 feet in circumference, the walls of which are profusely hung with some of the finest maps ever engraved. Atlases and other geographical works are seen on every table, and globes, terrestrial and celestial, from six inches to three feet in diameter, meet the eye in all quarters. Overhead are many supporting beams beautifully decorated, and hung with globular lamps, in admirable harmony with the purpose for which the building was erected. These beams support part of the convex side of the globe, all of which within the build-

ing is painted blue, with silver stars grouped according to their position in the southern hemisphere, and delineated according to their magnitude. The portion of the globe within the building is, however, so small, and the breaks caused by the supports so numerous, that this mapping of the stars is of little value educationally, and from their irregularity of still less value as decorations. A few astronomical diagrams, illustrative of celestial phenomena and celestial bodies, might with as much, if not more propriety, and certainly with greater utility, be substituted.

Having seen thus imperfectly the exterior, you cross the dimly-lighted corridor, and as soon as your eyes have recovered from the sudden change of the light of day for that of gas, you see that you are standing on a small circular floor at the bottom of a huge sphere, the whole interior of which is occupied by a series of floors or galleries about ten feet apart, giving one the idea of a dumb waiter on an extraordinary scale. Casting an eye upwards at the margin, you see that they increase in dimensions as they approach the centre of the sphere, and leave a clear space all round of about three feet in width. Thus from each floor a view of a zone of the globe some ten feet in width is obtained. The globe is about sixty feet in diameter—that is, twenty times the diameter of the largest yet made—and about the seven-hundred-thousandth part of the real diameter of our earth. It is of course impossible to get a complete view at once of the surface of the globe from the galleries; but as you ascend, numerous gas-lights, so disposed as to be hidden from the visitors, throw a brilliant illumination upon each portion of the concave surface on which the earth is delineated.

It was at first intended to represent the earth on the exterior of the globe, but the objections to such a plan were so numerous and obvious that it was abandoned, and the interior was chosen; so that the visitor, though inside the earth, must suppose himself viewing it from the outside. The representation belongs exclusively to physical geography—that is to say, it is not broken up or varied by the divisions of countries, by lines of latitude and longitude, or by names. The horizontal or plane surface is represented on a scale of one inch to ten miles, while the vertical is on three times that scale. Thus a mountain is shown three times larger in proportion than a plain. Had the proportions been the same, the elevations on the surface would have appeared so small as to be almost imperceptible. Even on this larger scale, the highest mountain-ranges appear at a very small elevation above the general surface, giving the spectator the most perfect realisation of a fact hitherto so imperfectly illustrated by the 'protuberances on the rind of an orange.' The snow-line of the mountains is beautifully delineated by a white incrustation that sparkles in the gas-light, just as the snow on the real mountains may be supposed to sparkle in the beams of the rising sun. The volcanoes are all represented in a state of eruption, their peaks being painted a fiery red, and surmounted by a little cotton-wool, teased out very fine, to represent smoke. The rivers are marked by blue meandering lines, and the line of sea-coast is more or less of a bright yellow. According as on the real earth, the shore is sandy or rocky. Deserts are represented of a light tawny colour, and fertile districts by a bright green. Thus standing on one of the galleries opposite the eastern hemisphere, a very correct idea is obtained of the extent to which the cultivation of the soil has been carried in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Our own islands, Central Europe, and the shores of the Mediterranean, indicate the highest state of cultivation; while large portions of Northern Africa and Central Asia stretch in one dreary line from the mountains of Atlas to the Kurile Isles, broken only by a few bright oases in Zahara, and by fertile valleys like those of the Nile and Cashmere. The sea is pictured a light-green or blue (it is difficult to tell which in the



gas-light), and a better idea of the vast magnificence of the Pacific Ocean it is impossible to obtain than from one of the galleries, where nothing can be seen but a vast expanse of water, that seems 'a sea without a shore,' dotted here and there by those

'Flow'ry islets that do lie  
Calm beneath a Pacific sky.'

Pursuing the route we took from the bottom, we perceive the blue expanse of the South Atlantic, South Pacific, and Antarctic Oceans; nothing but 'water, water everywhere,' till you come to the southern extremity of America, comprising part of Patagonia, Terra del Fuego, and the islands, one of which forms the redoubted Cape Horn. With the exception of the Falklands and the desolate isle of Georgia there is no other land to be seen, as the floor fills the space in which would appear the more southern lands—the antarctic continent, with its mighty volcanoes. While wondering at the apparent insignificance of the land in comparison with the vast extent of water around it, you mount by a convenient stair to the first floor, and see in the upper part of the zone which it discloses the Cape of Good Hope, Van Diemen's Land, a corner of New Holland, New Zealand, and some of the smaller islands, while a broad patch of South America, from Valparaiso to the mouth of the La Plata, with its rivers, hills, and pampas, presents an interesting study. The sense of disappointment felt on first entering now disappears—the place seems lighter, the land assumes a distinct relief, and a growing interest in the object around takes possession of you. Another stair: there is Madagascar, our little island of Mauritius, and a good portion of the *terra incognita* of Africa. Crossing the ocean you come to Australia, its whole solid form taken in at one view; and commencing with the ocean beyond, there are the numberless islands that enliven its surface. Measuring the distance between Africa and South America with your eye, it is easily seen that Cabral could not help discovering Brazil: the wonder would have been had he missed it. Here, too, are the highest peaks of the Andes, and the mighty region drained by the Amazon and its affluents.

Mount again: the broadest scope of Africa is before you from the Cape de Verdes to the Red Sea. There seems something awful in such an extent of unknown territory! Lake Tchad and the Niger are conspicuous on the left; and on the right the Nile, flowing through 'old hushed Egypt,' at sight of which the wonders of Scripture history recur to the mind, and the whole region becomes invested with a solemn and touching interest. There is besides the Overland Route, on such a scale as to convey a positive idea to the mind. Continuing eastward, Ceylon and a portion of the Indian and Malayan peninsulas come into view, and the Eastern Archipelago large and distinct; and far away in the ocean is Hawaii—so small and so solitary, that its ever having been discovered seems almost marvellous. Presently you reach the American isthmus, and may form your opinion as to the rival routes across it by way of Panama or Tehuantepec. There, too, are Mexico, the West Indies, the great basin from which issues the Gulf stream, and the vast valley and stream of the Mississippi.

Up once more to the topmost gallery. Here you are as much struck by the prodigious extent of land as you were below by that of water; and to this part you will perhaps devote more attention than to any other. Immediately overhead is the Arctic Sea. Or you can cross Behring's Straits, and trace the course of Russian discovery along the desolate shores of the Asiatic continent. The United States from Massachusetts to California are in full view—the great lakes, Niagara, the St Lawrence, and the Canadas.

To any one unacquainted with geography the great globe proves a disappointment; but an informed mind

on viewing it may learn much, and in a most interesting way. Concrete ideas of geography may here be obtained in place of those abstract notions concerning the earth and its surface which mere reading often creates; while for comparing positions, and remarking what places lie opposite each other or on the same parallel, this globe affords peculiar facilities. It has been suggested that by carrying round a few red and blue tapes close to the surface, the lines of equal heat and equal magnetism might be represented without confusing the general view.

A few words on the construction of this remarkable work. The concave surface of the globe is composed of casts taken in plaster-of-Paris, each cast being about three feet square, and about an inch in thickness, or more when it is of a mountainous district. These casts are screwed on to a series of beams, somewhat like barrel-staves, and then neatly joined. Their number is said to be about 6000. Three operations were necessary after the correct draught had been made on paper: First, a model had to be made in clay; then from it a mould was formed, which again produced the cast. Now, when it is considered that all these separate casts must not only join to each other with perfect accuracy, like the sheets of a map, but must also have each its peculiar curve, so that all may form a perfectly concave surface, some idea may be formed of the vast amount of patient labour and skill that have been expended on the work, and the formidable difficulties that have been overcome. The surface was of course not painted until after the casts had been fixed, and this again must have proved a task of great difficulty.

#### AN EVENING BY THE ISIS.

It is just past six o'clock on an evening in May, and the last of the hall-divers are lounging 'across quad.' The scouts have already nearly folded the cloths, and you see them passing out laden with the plates and tankards, or chatting by the buttery-door in eager anticipation of to-night's boat-race; for they are almost as sensitive as their young masters to the honour of upholding their place upon the river—not to mention the sundry bets the more adventurous have staked upon their boat, and the bright hope of sharing the glory of success in the shape of foaming ale.

There is a sound of merry voices; and on looking up you see half-reclining on the window-seat a few 'out-lying' members of a wine-party that is going on inside. 'Hollos, S——! where are you off to? Here! we want you!'

'No, no! come here; I am off for the river: I like to be down early to watch all that's going on before the race. Get your beaver, and come along!'

'Very well; stop a moment,' is the reply; and in five minutes we are sauntering arm in arm in the direction of the river.

Already what crowds are pouring towards Christchurch Meadows. Look at them as they go—men, women, and children; young and old; tradespeople, townsfolk, strangers, gowmsmen, 'dons;' the lately-plucked, the expectant classman; fast men and slow; the money-lending Jew, the indefatigable dun, debtor, creditor; maid-servant, mistress; stable-men and billiard-markers—pressing alike eager to the scene of action. Here a college 'messenger' hastening to the barge with his master's hat or tie; and there a crew with their bright-ribboned straw-hats and 'flannels.' How proudly they press on, as if the glances they attract as they pass by were theirs of right! And well they may, for they are each and all fine specimens of the spirited and open-hearted boating-man.

And now we have turned in through the big doors opposite the livery-stables, and are in the lane, thronged from one end to the other, that leads from St Aldate's

to Christchurch Meadows. See! there goes the proctor with his velvet sleeves and his attendant 'bulldogs.' What a pace he is going! There must be some suspicious quarry in view.

'Holloa, Blakeley, you're scarcely late; you'll take the shine out of yourself before it's wanted!' we cry to 'a man' passing us at speed.

'Well, what are the odds now? Will Christchurch catch Brazennose?'

'Not a chance of it; although they have their old stroke, P—, up; and it is said that he put himself into training in the country; and B— and C— are going into the middle of the boat. But what do you think to do?'

'Oh! we mean to walk gloriously into Wadham at the Gut.' (The Gut is a bend in the river where the steerage is difficult, owing to the meeting of two streams.)

'Not you; that level, steady, stealing stroke of theirs makes them go a tremendous pace without appearing to do so: they are, I calculate, one of the best, certainly, of the strongest crews on.'

We are soon among the elms just opposite to Hall's yard and establishment, and cross over to the Berkshire shore. How well the university barge looks! It is quite an ornament to the river, with its gilded decorations and elegant build; and yet they say that M— was sadly blamed, when president of the O. U. B. C. (Oxford University Boating Club), for buying it at L.200. It was a London state-barge, I believe. What a pretty contrast it presents to those unsightly hulks that are moored along the shore before it and behind! though the Christchurch barge does not look bad, being all the better for its recent painting: and there is the band upon it. I wonder who pays those fellows: I suppose, the O. U. B. C. out of the common fund; for a few years back they used to dan each college. Listen! they are playing the Bridal Waltz. How I love that air! and you don't know how easy it is to pull to.

Whew! look at B. N. C.'s (Brazennose College) new flag! They are determined, it seems, to keep their place. Meanwhile the different crews, in various moods of dependency or gaiety, are hanging about the barges of the different colleges; either their own, or hired for the term: some with their coats on, others stripped, and giving orders for the alteration of a stretcher or a row-lock; some securing small bags of powdered resin for their hands, so as to give them a firmer hold of their oar; others conversing with their friends, who are lingering by them till the last moment to keep up their pluck, and who promise to be down to start them; and others again 'chaffing' a rival crew, or consulting with an interested or friendly waterman.

There are some loungers with their spruce dress and massive chains, their rings and dandy-canes, their summer coats, white hats, and contemptuous eyeglasses, lisping as affectedly as if the whole world were made for their pleasure, and nothing ever could arise to disturb their equanimity. There go by a laughing trio along the shore in a punt well-laid with cushions; two with bare arms, and, as we have observed, generally bright scarlet braces, are propelling alternately and leisurely, as they step from stem to stern (if the ends of a punt are so distinguishable); their indolent companion, who, in real Epicurean, Nile-life enjoyment, lounges so complacently on his soft couch, calmly contemplating the sky between the puffs of his cigar, and occasionally nodding to or exchanging a word with the parties as they pass them on the bank.

Here comes stealing, like a wild duck over the water, a light new skiff, apparently without exertion from the arms of him that sits it so evenly and secure; a craft at once delicately fragile, elegant, and perilous. It is W—, the great skiffer, nephew of the late never-to-be-forgotten W—. And there is a brace of 'freshmen' in 'green skiffs' (an antique boat of

awful build, the only merit of which is, that it is warranted to swim without capsizing.) 'What a variety of boats! What an abundance of laughing faces! By the opposite bank is stationed 'Charon' in his huge punt—an old skeleton-looking man, with a long brown topcoat reaching to his feet, and a ghastly grin upon his countenance as the naughty ones bully him in passing. The Humane Society, I believe, pay him to keep a look-out on the river.

Ever and anon goes by a Robinson-Crusoe-kind-of-craft, with a fellow sitting at the bottom holding the string of a three-cornered sail, and steering his course by an oar behind him over the side. These will leave their boats at the bridges, and run up with the race. See, there is an old 'Master' (that is, M.A.), who has come up from the country to 'lionise' his wife and daughters: he has persuaded some unfortunate connections or acquaintances to sacrifice their pleasure for the evening in duty-service, and give a helping-hand to pull along that ancient craft, so necessarily weighty for the safety of its fair burden.

But we must not loiter or we shall never reach the starting-place; for you lose half the fun if you do not see the excitement, the catastrophes, the flurry of the start. You see behind you the men are turned and looking towards the river, and a row of nodding heads is visible above the bank. There is a boat coming beyond the bend by 'the willows.' Here they are in sight!

But what a glorious evening! I must say I am thankful that I am not pulling to-day. How calm, how placid all around! The clear, bright river, with the small rouch darting to and fro and glancing in the sunlight, as they bite at drifting stuff or chase the evening flies! How sweet the distance of soft woods by Magdalene Tower—which, by the way, is the mark the steersmen aim at in coming up the first reach—with what is seen of distant Christchurch over the glory of her old elm walk! How beautiful the fields, too, look with their fresh green growth, all studded with patches of the graceful wild tulip (*meleagris*), both white and speckled lilac, the golden mallow, and the hawthorn hedges! Joy—joy for all! How the brain, overwrought with study too long continued and intense, regains here its elasticity amid Nature's charms! How the toilworn mechanic there, with his apron and paper-hat, seems recruited by the gladdening scene! There is a glow on all around, which the human breast partakes as we watch the pointed, long, warm-tinted clouds that streak the summer sky floating listlessly upon it like 'islands of the blest!'

You saw that fellow erecting a kind of stage upon the bridge? He is a regular attendant at the races, and shews off in diving from the height into the pool below, fleeing in return the timorous new possessor of an independence who has just 'come up.' There are some delicate-looking men, in capacious bag-like coats, trying the mettle of their long-haired Scotch pets at a round-backed, artful, determined-looking rat, that has been just let out of a cageful of the like by one of those rough fellows, the pockets of whose fustian shooting-jackets might hold an infant each. There he goes cantering, half-sneaking through the long grass, under the conviction that prudence is the better part of valour, but still evidently resolved upon 'war to the knife' in case of an attack. And he is right: his master may pay for his amusement, but our friend the terrier has no notion of anything so serious, and contents himself with cautious sniffs, accompanied by deprecatory appeals to his indulgent owner.

But here comes an 'eight' down the reach. What can it be? *Oriel*, by the light-blue. How regularly and well they pull! It is a remarkably fine crew. Look at that great fellow 'Six,' with his brawny arms and the black hair curling over his front like that of a Spanish bull. Number 'Eight' seems a small man, but



he is full of muscle and pluck, and gives a good swinging stroke. 'Three,' with a showy upright figure, does little despite his fine pretensions.

We shall be late if we do not mind, for here is *Baliol* coming along in their clean spirited style. How well they look!—so fresh and clear, they seem to have caught a tint from their striped pink jerseys. There now is a pattern of a boat! These fellows 'read' hard with scarcely an exception. 'Seven' is a first-class man; the coxswain is a 'first,' and tutor of his college; 'Three' is a 'second;' and 'Bow' a 'first;' and the rest are all likely men for the schools.

You see a man need neither be a beer-drinker nor an idler to succeed upon the river; for where is there a more promising crew than the one we have just seen pass? And here is *Exeter*, and close behind them *Jesus*—the one with their neat uniform, white trimmed with green; the other, white with red. The white and green of those Welsh fellows, I understand, represent the root and leaf of the leek—the emblem of their country.

But come on, or we shall never reach Liffey before the boats start. There is a lot of people coming by 'the weirs,' where the pigeon-shooting goes on, though the proctors have almost put a stop to that work. Where can they be coming from? Principally from Oxford. They have preferred that way either for the sake of a longer walk, or because they avoid the ferry. One boat, it is *Merton*, is already alongside, and her crew are watching with keen eye each of the others as they pass down to turn by the lock.

'Look ahead, sir—look ahead!' and the coxswain is upon his legs. 'Easy all! hold her!' But it is too late. Crash, and they are over! She could not check her way in time. An adventurous 'pair-oar,' without a steersman, just coming round the corner, at a time when no boat but the racing ones should be about, is run down by an 'eight;' but the stream is shallow, and they easily, though breathless and frightened, reach the shore.

'How long till the boats start, Mr Wyatt?' we ask a plain, blunt-looking man, standing beside a brace of small brass cannon which are to give the signal for the start.

'Very soon, sir, now: it is already past the time—half-past seven gone; but here comes *Christchurch*. They will be off directly now;' as a neat-looking crew, with an easy swing, and keeping the most faultless time, but peculiar in having no fixed uniform, dash by, their oar-blades, as they feather, high above the stream; and strike in with a sweeping cut, a forward stretch, and a quick pull home, that sends all dripping from the blade. How beautifully they row together! Did you ever see anything so perfect? It is a treat to see their swing alone; but they have pulled together at Westminster from boys: there is the secret of that united crew. Last year they had in their single boat no less than three men who had been severally Stroke of 'the *University*;' but this year they are weaker. Those fellows in the bows, although they pull so gracefully, want vigour. They will not have the good fortune we wish them, I fear. They say, moreover, that 'Stroke' is too weak; but I cannot think it. Despite his delicate appearance he has strength, and lasting, and pluck indomitable; his 'reach' is, moreover, the longest on the river, though almost too slow.

But see, they have turned, and are 'spirting' to their place. How they lift her!—beautiful indeed! With each impulse she leaps forward, and seems literally to 'walk the waters,' her light keel alone immersed. And now they are ready. How cleverly that was steered!

Bang!

The first gun, and many a heart leaps; captains grow anxious for missing men; stragglers are hastening to their places, generally too nervous to return the banter of their friends; and there runs one who has been for an orange to the refreshment-room beside the

lock; and many a flask is drained of its last drop among the willows there, or beside the haystack; for many 'coaches' recommend a thimbleful of brandy for each man to recruit his frame with just at starting, but it is undoubtedly a pernicious practice.

Each boat has now beside it a group of friends, consisting principally of members of the same college; and here and there a tutor—one of those whom the men love and really respect, who toil hard in the lecture-room, but are foremost to sanction and encourage, as well as sometimes to share, their due and proper recreation. They are exhorting the desponding and self-doomed to make a struggle: they may get off. They are adding fuel to the spirits of the sanguine and likely. And here, for the information of the uninitiated, it may be as well to mention that the boats are placed in a line along the bank, and behind each other at an interval of fifty yards, in order according as they stood the last year, or the previous evening after the first race. Four minutes are to elapse between the first and second gun: two have already expired. The crews are mostly in their boats, with their coats stripped, but wrapped around their shoulders, as there is a treacherous chillness in the evening air, and the distant windings of the river are beginning to look gray. An uneasy feeling pervades even the men upon the shore. One or two of the more inexperienced and irrepressibly-anxious boats are already out, and with difficulty maintain their position against the stream.

Bang!

The second gun, and they are almost across the stream. Now, throw your coats ashore—push out, steady; and with a slice of lemon between their lips, and their clean white trousers rolled up the leg, half-way to the calf, the crews are bending forward till the moment comes, each chest thrown out, the arms at full stretch, the heels together on the stretcher, the oar-blades laid back, but not too far for the first stroke, and near the surface of the water: they are ready. Five seconds gone—ten—be ready; start with the flash when I tell you. Half a minute gone—forty seconds—look out!

Off!

The oars have dashed in when the third report is heard. What a roar of voices! 'Steady, steady!—you are too wild.' 'Now you're gaining!—now you're gaining! That's the style! Keep it up! Well pulled! Capital stroke—gaining every pull! Hurra! You'll have them at the "free water stone!" Only ten—only five yards ahead of you! You're on them!—now's your time! Now Stroke, now "Five" and "Four," now "Bow," now all! Hurra! Yoicks! It's all up!' And a wild maddening shout rings through the air. What a conflict of excited voices! What counter-cheering as the crowd rush along the towing-path, their eyes fixed upon the river, jolting one against another; while ever and anon some one more vehement than the rest forces his headlong way amid the rage and indignation of those he tramples on or jostles from their course; while here and there is one tripped up, and sprawling on the grass, or laid along the river-side, having just escaped being hurled or twisted into the river, as he stopped imprudently an instant in that living stream. There they rush—friends, tutors, scouts, backers, cads, exquisites, 'bargees,' in one frantic throng! How they squeeze through the gateways on the bridges, the more prudent and capable leaping by preference the gutter!

The best way, we may observe, and the pleasantest, to view a boat-race, is to drop behind the throng that accompany the boats, or run outside them in the field. You then escape being bruised or knocked about. The contending boats are now close together; the last has nearly reached the object of their chase; they are both rocking on the same troubled wave that the rush of boats before has raised. Each crew is straining every

nerve: the pursued in hope that if they can but hold out a little longer their pursuers may flag; the pursuers in hope that their agony of intense exertion will soon be over, and that they shall have an easy pull up. A few are gasping faint in either boat.

'Now pick her up! Only three strokes more!'

'Come, give it up!—it's no use—shut up—shut up!' replies an adversary, in hope to daunt.

'Now pick her up! They're quite done! Now "Four!"'

'For shame "Three!" Beautiful stroke! Well-pulled "Seven!" There, you'll have them; keep it up!'

And thus for some way the rival boats proceed, the coxswain of the pursued doing all he can to wash off the enemy by the stream from his rudder, which he jerks suddenly—a most suicidal plan, by the way, for there is no real advantage gained and much ground lost.

'There you'll have them!' And a perfect yell of excitement rends the air. The crew thus stimulated, respond to the cheers, and again 'put on the steam.'

'Overlapping!' 'One stroke more!'

But it is in vain. That last 'lift' has exhausted the pursuer; and with a feeling of release and thankfulness the 'chase,' reinspired, has drawn a few feet ahead.

'Beautifully pulled, Trinity!—they'll never catch you! Keep it up!'

But their 'opponent' (as Robert Coombes technically phrases it) has 'picked up.' Their friends are cheering again. 'That's it!—that's the style! Hurrah! You'll have them in "the Gut!" Gaining every stroke!—there you are! Hurrah!' And the bank shakes with the din. The steersman of the first boat shaved the bank too nearly; one oar grounded, and the bows caught the steam, and were carried out too far.

'Easy all!' And the two boats bear on their way together for a few yards, the beak of the victor beneath the outrigger row-locks of stroke Number One.

'Easy all!' And with a sullen feeling of disgust the beaten boat pushes their invader off. Both then withdraw, by the rule of the river, from the line of the race.

Come, let us run up and see what they are doing ahead. *Brzennose* keeps her place, yet they should be farther ahead. *Baliol* has 'bumped,' and there is a tremendous struggle between three boats, each pressing on the other, as the shouts along the shore might testify. A few minutes more, and the excitement is over. The hopes and fears of the contest are at an end. The crews are resting on their oars, or cautiously stepping from their unsteady craft. Instead of the throng that lined the shore just now, there are only the loiterers below the bridges; the few who, although they liked to see, took not sufficient interest in the race to run along with the boats; or those who have turned down to prolong their walk beside the river, or to watch 'the University' go down. They are all heaped together, opposite the barges, breathless with running, or discussing eagerly the merits of the race; scanning the crews, as the boats lie waiting for their turn to go alongside, or pushing in the direction of the ferry.

Let us go across to see what the result of the evening is—what boats have bumped, and which have lost their place. But look!—there is a boat over. And so it was. The *St John's* Eight had got entangled somehow, either by running on too far, and getting under the outrigger row-locks of another boat, or had been run into herself. But there they were all in the water, gasping and plunging—punts pushing towards them—a storm of cries upon the shore. The upset, however, is close beside the barges; and, see! the coxswain, a small man, has swum ashore.

But what means that roar of laughter? Surely it is too serious a business for such mirth. The fun, however, is soon explained. Number Five, a giant of a fellow,

gallantly following his coxswain's example, struck manfully out for the shore, when lo! his knees grounded, and now you see him, with his scanty and dripping habiliments plastered on him, wading to the shore amidst the fun and jokes of hundreds on the bank.

We will cross to King's barge to see the flags lowered. What excitement at the ferry! How the punts, crammed with men, clinging for safety to each other, are rocking to and fro! They will certainly be over. How recklessly the rival boatmen strike against each other! And the punts swerve wildly to and fro, as they drive them furiously in their anxiety to get across, that they may be the first back for another load.

There go the flags! and the men of the different colleges are cheering as the changes in their disposition please.

'Three cheers for Baliol!' and the air re-echoes.

'Brzennose!' and again the shouts strike the sky.

'Christchurch!' and there is a mingled storm of cheering and disapprobation, for there is considerable jealousy felt towards them.

'Worcester,' 'Queen's,' 'Jesus,' 'Merton,' 'Trinity,' all have their turn. 'Pluck' seems ever to win approbation. How those ladies on the lawn opposite seem to enjoy the fun! Have you ever noticed the singular position of that house built upon the stream that pours through arches beneath its parlours, for the sake, it is said, of avoiding some rates or other, I know not exactly what? The inmates must often fancy themselves a sort of semi-Venetian family; and the noise of the water must at evening remind them, if they are at all poetically minded, of the

'Adrian wave

Dashing against the outward Lido's bulwark.'

But come, let us go up. The crowd is already dispersing: the crews are dressed, and sauntering to college in laughing knots, if satisfied, or striding up in pairs or trios, if disappointed—venting their spleen on Steersman, Stroke, Number Five, the horrid boat that got in their way, deficient training, some unfortunate luxury of ice or wine, an accident, or what not, as they feel inclined.

Stay a moment till that air finishes. How well they play! It is so sweet along the water. Now I'm ready; and we soon have left the crowd behind to pour back gradually into Oxford, so empty and lonely awhile since.

#### LETTERS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ONE is not accustomed to contemplate this princess, with her romantic and tragic history, as a person of great industry. Yet that this must have been the fact, has been established beyond all question by those industrious investigators who have failed to establish what they originally set about—her innocence of any connection with the death of her husband Darnley. That her guilty accession has been proved by the few who have taken up that side of the controversy it would be harsh and dogmatic to assert. Where there are so many zealous defenders ready to break a literary lance for her reputation with all comers, it were presumption to maintain that they are under a miserable delusion. Still those who are not enlisted by their enthusiasm in the cause are slow to admit that the evidence and arguments of the chivalrous counsel in defence of outraged beauty have been entirely successful—the question would lose all its romantic and exciting interest if they were. But one thing, as we have already said, and in itself a very interesting matter, they have been successful in proving—that the beautiful queen was a woman of great industry; we should also say of great talent and varied accomplishment. Though living in an age when writing was no common qualification, and a command of the pen extremely rare, the letters from her already in print would have entitled

her to be termed a prolific correspondent even in Horace Walpole's days. There are but few letters extant of her able and enterprising rival, Queen Elizabeth. Perhaps it may be said that she had other things to do, and little time to give to correspondence, while Mary had too much; but, on the other hand, poor Mary spent a long period of her life in durance, when she could only correspond by stealth and artifice, and had often to use the circuitous medium of a cipher. The extent to which, under all her difficulties, she managed to blacken paper, may be conceived by an inspection of the collection of her letters published at Paris in 1845 by the Russian prince, Alexander Labanoff.

The prince has proved himself the most truly disinterested and romantic of all her chivalrous champions, since even the vanity of literary distinction has not been courted by him, and he has been content to hunt the world for her letters, transcribe them, and accurately put them in type. In the British Museum, the State Paper Office, the Advocates' Library, the archives of the Scottish Catholics; in the collection of several private gentlemen; in the archives and libraries of Paris, Rome, Vienna, Florence, and many others, did the prince gather the objects of his search; and the result was that he printed the *Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart* in seven well-filled octavo volumes—a goodly correspondence for one person to indite. Whatever expectations the minds of persons fresh from reading Sir Walter Scott's novel of the 'Abbot' might form about anything connected with the romantic history of Queen Mary, the greater part of this collection is dull enough. Many of the letters are on business; and that they are chiefly written in antiquated French does not make them more inviting. Some of them are of course extremely interesting, as bearing on the more striking parts of her history; but, as a whole, the chief impression imparted by the collection is the notion we have already referred to of Queen Mary's industry. She appears to have had an active mind, ever desiring something to occupy itself upon. Quantities of needlework are shewn as the work of her hands; and though much of it is perhaps spurious, there must have been a considerable portion of it genuine to set imitators at work. One letter, written when in captivity at Sheffield, shews an earnest hankering for occupation:—'I have nothing else to tell you except that all my exercise is to read and work in my chamber; and therefore I beseech you, since I have no other exercise, to take the trouble, in addition to the rest, for which I thank you, to send me as soon as you can four ounces more or less of the same crimson silk which you sent me some time ago, similar to the pattern which I send you. The safest way is to inquire for it at the same merchant who provided you with the other. The silver is too thick: I beg you will choose it for me as fine as the pattern, and send it to me by the first conveyance, with eight ells of crimson taffeta for lining. If I have it not soon my work must stand still, for which I shall be very vexed, as what I am working is not for myself.\*

The most interesting of Queen Mary's letters to inspect in autograph are certainly those which were written in extreme youth, and are contained in the Balcarras Collection of Papers in the Advocates' Library. There are fourteen of these letters addressed to her mother—Mary of Guise, the queen-regent of Scotland. They have been pronounced by critical inquirers to be in the young queen's own handwriting, all except two, and they must have been all written ere she was fifteen years old. At what precise period of her life the earliest one may have been written it would be difficult to determine. Only two of them have dates: that of the earlier is 23d June 1554. She was born on the 8th December 1542. They are written

with extreme clearness, each letter being finished by itself. Their form is the modern written hand known for a long time after her period as the Italian. Indeed she must have been one of the first out of Italy who employed it; for a sort of corruption of the old Gothic form was used not only at that time, but for a century and a half later. There is no misreading her words, and any one with a tolerable knowledge of French will be able to make out her letters in their antiquated diction. The lines are long and straight, containing many words; and, on the whole, the letters of this young girl have a matured, almost manly air of systematic strength which is very remarkable. The signature, 'Marie,' is particularly large, square, and powerful. As an on-looker remarked, it was more like that of a surveyor of taxes or a messenger-at-arms than of an accomplished high-born female; but it has been long a practice to accustom royal personages, even of the gentler sex, to write a large, bold signature, as that of her present Majesty Victoria may testify. The letters of mere children are spoiled in translation, as their interest consists in the simple peculiarities of expression. In English, therefore, and to the English reader not very deeply versed in old French idioms, there is nothing very remarkable in these letters. One of the shortest may be thus rendered:—

'MADAM—I feel assured that the queen and my uncle the cardinal make you acquainted with all the news, and I am thus deterred from writing you at great length, or farther than to beg you very humbly to hold me in your good grace. Madam, if it is your pleasure to increase my establishment with a groom of the chamber (*huissier de chambre*), I pray that it may be Rufelet, my groom of the hall, because he is a very good and old servant. I send you the letters which madam my grandmother has written to you. Praying our Lord to give you with long health a happy life, your very humble and very obedient daughter, MARIE.

'To the Queen, my Mother.'

The address on the cover is in the same brief terms: '*A la Reine, ma mere.*' Royal letters went by special messengers, who knew well for whom they were intended without specifying the place. It was a peculiarity, too, especially in the letters of great personages, that the address should indicate nearly as distinctly the writer of the letter as the person it was sent to; so in the same volume there are letters from her uncle, Henry of Lorraine, with the address—in French of course:—'To my good Sister, the Queen-Dowager of Scotland.'

The short letter above quoted indicates an amiable feature in the young queen's character, which adhered to her to the last, and seemed to grow in her adversity—a kindness and concern for her dependents and adherents. From the Bishop of Ross to her 'three Maries' she identified herself with the interests of those who were faithful to her—a point very interestingly brought out by Sir Walter Scott. In the instances of Chatelar and Rizzio, this feeling became a weakness, which was the occasion of her worst calamities; but there is no doubt that it laid the foundation of the chivalrous devotion which procured her so many champions during her life, and vindicators of her memory after death.

Some of these letters are of considerable length. They generally bear on matters of family business, have little sprightliness or youthful carelessness, and are, on the whole, scarcely like the productions of so young a person. Nor do they seem to have been written by dictation or instruction, as they contain here and there the alterations and erasures which a letter-writer makes in changing the intention or expression. But the interest attached to them is not in their substance so much as in the associations connected with them, and the wonderful and melancholy history which passed over the writer between the

\* Translation in Sir Turnbull's selection from Prince Labanoff.



bright dawn of hope in which they were penned and the darkness which closed over her in her latter days. History scarcely records an instance where, at an age so early, the prospects were so magnificent as those of the writer of these scraps. Queen of Scotland ere she was conscious of existence, she was acknowledged by nearly all Europe as the heiress of the throne of England, and it was generally believed that any opposition offered to her claims was a mere partial, factious attempt, that would blow over. Then she was betrothed to the king of France, and people naturally expected that this couple would be the parents of a line of monarchs ruling the greatest empire of the world. An accident at a mock tournament destroyed all these brilliant prospects, leaving the young queen only the comparatively poor, and the very factious and turbulent kingdom of Scotland. With her fate there every reader of history is acquainted.

The collection of documents in which these letters appear is an instance, like that of Sir James Balfour already noticed, of the importance of preserving the collections made by persons whose rank or official position have given them the means of procuring such documents. The Balcarras Papers, bound up in nine thick volumes, were collected by John Lindsay of Menmuir, secretary of state to James VI., who died in 1598. He was a clergyman and a judge, and appears to have been a man of some scientific acquirements; for he was appointed master of the metals, the king having noticed 'his travellis in seeking out and discovering of dyvers metallis of great valor within this realme, and in sending to England, Germanie, and Denmark to gett the perfeste essay and knowlidge thairrof.' He was for some time ambassador in France, and it was probably when holding this office that he enriched his collection. An interesting account of Lord Menmuir will be found in Lord Lindsay's 'Lives of the Lindsays.' The papers collected by him were very liberally made over to the Advocates' Library by Colin, Earl of Balcarras, in 1712. For upwards of a century they lay a shapeless mass, little known, and it was only when they were arranged and bound up in volumes that their rich contents were really appreciated. They are more interesting to the students of French than of English history, containing many letters from the Lorraine family, including the celebrated cardinal, the Orleans, and other branches of the royal family—the Constable Montmorency, Diana of Poitiers, and other personages.

#### THE SCALP HUNTERS.\*

It is now generally recognised that the pictures of American savage life given by the novelist Cooper are far more pleasing than true; and that, in fact, his Indians and trappers are little more than the phantoms of a somewhat feeble imagination. Dr Bird came after with a rough, coarse, masculine touch, which startled European readers into a conviction that in his 'Nick of the Woods' they saw for the first time the denizens of the transatlantic forest; and since then more than one writer has followed in the same 'trail.' Captain Mayne Reid, although his scene is in a different part of the continent, is of the Bird school, but with a curious eccentricity—his genius being distinguished by more literary refinement, and at the same time more moral coarseness. It is strange to think that any man should choose for his heroes a band of professional murderers; but the taste is quite unaccountable in an author who possesses an exquisite relish for the beauties both of nature and sentiment! In the work before us this

oddity is carried to an extravagant excess; for the leader of the gang—who is represented as an amiable and estimable person—has no other motive for becoming a wholesale butcher of human beings than the abduction by the Indians of one of his children, whom they obey and reverence as a kind of priestess-queen.

Notwithstanding this prodigious fault, there is a freshness and vigour about the book which render it quite a readable production; and in spite of some obvious exaggerations, we feel the conviction as we read that the sketches, however highly coloured, are really from nature. The scene is in the 'wild west,' a general sketch of which is given at the commencement. There is the 'weed prairie,' a seemingly limitless plain surrounded only by the blue heavens, and carpeted with flowers—the golden helianthus, the scarlet malva, the purple monarda, the silver euphorbia, the orange asclepias, and the pink cleome—all waving in the breeze like the undulations of a sea, into which dip myriads of insects which look like winged flowers themselves. There is the 'grass prairie,' where there is an expanse as far as the eye can reach of living verdure, only varied by the shadows of the passing clouds. There is the 'rolling prairie,' disposed in parallel undulations like the soft, smooth swell that remains on the waters after a storm has swept by. There are the 'mottes,' or islands of the prairie sea, rising in what might seem to be a boundless park, where buffaloes, antelopes, and wild horses are the cattle, and turkeys and pheasants the poultry. There is the autumn forest, where the red, brown, and golden leaves resemble flowers, and where birds of glorious plumage flit through the long vistas and sunlit glades that open everywhere. There is the cactus forest, where strangely-shaped trunks and branches grow out of clefts, and hang over rocks scattered on the brown, barren earth. There all is silence and loneliness, save when the solitary owl sails into the thicket, or the rattlesnake glides into the shade, or the cotonyé skulks through the gloom. There are the Rocky Mountains, where, as you mount height after height, there are still peaks beyond clothed in perpetual snow. Cliffs hang stretching over your head, gulfs yawn at your feet, and there the grisly bear drags himself over the ridges, and the bighorn bounds from crag to crag. 'Such are the aspects of the wild west,' says our author, after describing them in full; 'such is the scenery of our drama. Let us raise the curtain and bring on the characters.'

The characters are eminently picturesque: they all look like portraits, and might stand for originals to be copied. Rube the trapper is one of the most striking of them—maimed, disfigured, his ears cropped close to his head, and the skull minus its scalp! This Rube we shall shew in action. Garey, a fine young hunter, has been surpassed by an Indian in a shot; and determining to vindicate his reputation, he calls to his comrade the old trapper, and gives him a round white shell to hold about the size of a watch.

"Whar do 'ee want me to go?" said Rube. The other merely pointed to an open glade, and answered: "Sixty."

"Take care o' my claws, d' yur hear! Them Injuns has made 'em scarce; this child can't spare another."

'The old trapper said this with a flourish of his right hand. I noticed that the little finger had been chopped off!

"Never fear, old hoss!" was the reply; and at this the smoky carcass moved away with a slow and regular pace, that shewed he was measuring the yards.

When he had stepped the sixtieth yard, he faced about, and stood erect—placing his heels together. He then extended his right arm, raising it until his hand was on a level with his shoulder, and holding the shell in his fingers, flat side to the front, shouted back:

"Now, Bill-ee, shoot, an be d—d to yur!"

\* The Scalp Hunters; or Romantic Adventures in Northern Mexico. By Captain Mayne Reid, Author of the 'Rifle Rangers.' 3 vols. London: Skeet. 1881.

'The shell was slightly concave—the concavity turned to the front. The thumb and finger reached half around the circumference, so that a part of the edge was hidden; and the surface, turned towards the marksman, was not larger than the dial of a common watch!

'This was a fearful sight. It is one not so common among the mountain-men as travellers would have you believe. The feat proves the marksman's skill: first, if successful, by shewing the strength and steadiness of his nerves; secondly, by the confidence which the other reposes in it, thus declared by stronger testimony than any oath. In any case, the feat of holding the mark is at least equal to that of hitting it. There are many hunters willing to risk taking the shot, but few who care to hold the shell.

'It was a fearful sight; and my nerves tingled as I looked on. Many others felt as I. No one interfered. There were few present who would have dared, even had these two men been making preparation to fire at each other. Both were "men of mark" among their comrades—trappers of the first class.

'Garey, drawing a long breath, planted himself firmly—the heel of his left foot opposite to, and some inches in advance of, the hollow of his right. Then jerking up his gun, and throwing the barrel across his left palm, he cried out to his comrade: "Steady, old bone and sinner! hyar's at ye!"

'The words were scarcely out when the gun was levelled. There was a moment's deathlike silence, all eyes looking to the mark. Then came the crack, and the shell was seen to fly, shivered into fifty fragments! There was a cheer from the crowd. Old Rube stooped to pick up one of the pieces; and after examining it for a moment, shouted in a loud voice: "Plum centre, by —!"

'The young trapper had, in effect, hit the mark in the very centre, as the blue stain of the bullet testified.'

The Indian, thus defied by the successful shot of Garey, does not avoid the contest. He is a most gentlemanlike person, speaking good English, but dressed in very picturesque attire.

'I looked at the Indian with increasing interest. He seemed a man of about thirty years of age, and not much under seven feet in height! He was proportioned like an Apollo, and on this account appeared smaller than he actually was. His features were of the Roman type; and his fine forehead, his aquiline nose and broad jawbone, gave him the appearance of talent as well as firmness and energy. He was dressed in a hunting-shirt, leggings and moccasins; but all these differed from anything worn either by the hunters or their Indian allies. The shirt itself was made out of the dressed hide of the red deer, but differently prepared to that used by the trappers. It was bleached almost to the whiteness of a kid-glove. The breast, unlike theirs, was close, and beautifully embroidered with stained porcupine quills. The sleeves were similarly ornamented, and the cape and skirts were trimmed with the soft, snow-white fur of the ermine. A row of entire skins of that animal hung from the skirt-border, forming a fringe both graceful and costly. But the most singular feature about this man was his hair. It fell loosely over his shoulders, and swept the ground as he walked: it could not have been less than seven feet in length. It was black, glossy, and luxuriant, and reminded me of the tails of those great Flemish horses I had seen in the funeral carriages of London. He wore upon his head the war-eagle bonnet, with its full circle of plumes—the finest triumph of savage taste. This magnificent head-dress added to the majesty of his appearance. A white buffalo robe hung from his shoulders with all the graceful draping of a toga; its silky fur corresponded to the colour of his dress, and contrasted strikingly with his own dark tresses. There were other ornaments about his person:

his arms and accoutrements were shining with metallic brightness, and the stock and butt of his rifle were richly inlaid with silver.'

During the scene described this personage has 'stood silent, and calmly looking on. His eye now wanders over the ground, apparently in search of an object. A small convolvulus, known as the "prairie gourd," is lying at his feet. It is globe-shaped, about the size of an orange, and not unlike one in colour. He stoops and takes it up. He seems to examine it with great care, balancing it upon his hand, as though he was calculating its weight. What does he intend to do with this? Will he fling it up, and send his bullet through it in the air? What else?

'His motions are watched in silence. Nearly all the scalp-hunters—sixty or seventy—are on the ground. Seguin only, with the doctor and a few men, is engaged some distance off pitching a tent. Garey stands upon one side, slightly elated with his triumph, but not without feelings of apprehension that he may yet be beaten. Old Rube has gone back to the fire, and is roasting another rib.

'The gourd seems to satisfy the Indian for whatever purpose he intends it. A long piece of bone—the thigh-joint of the war-eagle—hangs suspended over his breast. It is curiously carved, and pierced with holes like a musical instrument. It is one. He places this to his lips, covering the holes with his fingers. He sounds three notes, oddly inflected, but loud and sharp. He drops the instrument again, and stands looking eastward into the woods. The eyes of all present are bent in the same direction. The hunters, influenced by a mysterious curiosity, remain silent, or speak only in low mutterings.

'Like an echo, the three notes are answered by a similar signal. It is evident that the Indian has a comrade in the woods, yet not one of the band seems to know aught of him or his comrade. Yes; one does: it is Rube.' Rube has had some previous knowledge of the Indian, and the conjecture he now makes is verified by the result.

'A rustling is heard, as of some one parting the bushes, the tread of a light foot, the snapping of twigs. A bright object appears among the leaves. Some one is coming through the underwood: it is a woman; it is an Indian girl, attired in a singular and picturesque costume. She steps out of the bushes, and comes boldly towards the crowd. All eyes are turned upon her with looks of wonder and admiration. We scan her face and figure and her striking attire.

'She is dressed not unlike the Indian himself, and there is a resemblance in other respects. The tunic worn by the girl is of finer materials—of fawn skin. It is richly trimmed, and worked with split quills, stained to a variety of bright colours. It hangs to the middle of the thighs, ending in a fringe-work of shells, that tinkle as she moves. Her limbs are wrapped in leggings of scarlet cloth, fringed like the tunic, and reaching to the ankles, where they meet the flaps of her moccasins. These last are white, embroidered with stained quills, and fitting closely to her small feet.

'A belt of wampum closes the tunic on her waist, exhibiting the globular developments of a full-grown bosom, and the undulating outlines of a womanly person. Her head-dress is similar to that worn by her companion, but smaller and lighter; and her hair, like his, hangs loosely down, reaching almost to the ground. Her neck, throat, and part of her bosom are nude, and clustered over with bead-strings of various colours.

'The expression of her countenance is high and noble. Her eye is oblique. The lips meet with a double curve, and the throat is full and rounded. Her complexion is Indian; but a crimson hue struggling through the brown upon her cheek gives that pictured expression to her countenance that may be observed in the quadroon of the West Indies. She is a girl, though

full grown and boldly developed—a type of health and savage beauty.

As she approaches, the men murmur their admiration. There are hearts beating under hunting-shirts that rarely deign to dream of the charms of women. I am struck at this moment with the appearance of the young trapper Garey. His face has fallen—the blood has forsaken his cheeks—his lips are white and compressed, and dark rings have formed around his eyes. They express anger, but there is still another meaning in them. Is it jealousy? Yes. He has stepped behind one of his comrades, as if he did not wish to be seen. One hand is playing involuntarily with the handle of his knife; the other grasps the barrel of his gun, as though he would crush it between his fingers.

The girl comes up. The Indian hands her the gourd, muttering some words in an unknown tongue—unknown at least to me. She takes it without making any reply, and walks off toward the spot where Rube had stood, which had been pointed out to her by her companion.

She reaches the tree, and halts in front of it—facing round, as the trapper had done.

There was something so dramatic, so theatrical, in the whole proceeding, that, up to the present time, we had all stood waiting for the *dénouement* in silence. Now we knew what it was to be, and the men began to talk.

The conversation referred to the further proceedings of the Indian; but the general opinion was that he intended to shoot the gourd from the girl's hand; that it was no great shot after all; and that, at anyrate, it would merely equal Garey's.

What was our amazement at seeing the girl fling off her plumed bonnet—place the gourd upon her head—fold her arms over her bosom—and stand, fronting us, as calm and immobile as if she had been carved upon the tree!

There was a murmur in the crowd. The Indian was raising his rifle to take aim, when a man rushed forward to prevent him. It was Garey!

"No, yer don't! No!" cried he, clutching the levelled rifle; "she's deceived me, that's plain; but I won't see the gal that once loved me, or said she did, in the trap that-a-way. No! Bill Garey ain't a-goin' to stand by and see it."

"What is this?" shouted the Indian in a voice of thunder. "Who dares to interrupt me?"

"I dares!" replied Garey. "She's you'r'n now, I suppose. You may take her whar ye like; and take this too," continued he, tearing off the embroidered pipe-case, and flinging it at the Indian's feet; "but ye're not a-goin' to shoot her down whiles I stand by."

"By what right do you interrupt me? My sister is not afraid, and"—

"Your sister!"

"Yes—my sister."

"And is yon gal your sister?" eagerly inquired Garey, his manner and the expression of his countenance all at once changing.

"She is. I have said she is."

"And are you El Sol?"

"I am."

"I ask your pardon; but"—

"I pardon you. Let me proceed!"

"Oh, sir, do not—no! no! She is your sister, and I know you have the right, but thar's no needcessity. I have heerd of your shootin'. I give in—you kin beat me! For God's sake do not risk it—as you care for her, do not!"

"There is no risk. I will shew you."

"No, no. If you must then, let me! I will hold it. Oh, let me!" stammered the hunter in tones of entreaty.

"Hilloo, Billee! What's the dratted rumpus?" cried Rube, coming up. "Hang it, let's see the shot. I've

heern o' it afore. Don't be skeert, ye fool! he'll do it like a breeze—he will!" And as the old trapper said this, he caught his comrade by the arm, and elung him round out of the Indian's way.

This is a fine bit of nature; and our author may take our word for it that it will excite more admiration than the most terrible scene in the book. But to proceed with the adventure.

The girl, during all this, had stood still—seemingly not knowing the cause of the interruption. Garey's back was turned to her; and the distance—with two years of separation—doubtless prevented her from recognising him.

Before Garey could turn to interpose himself, the rifle was at the Indian's shoulder, and levelled! His finger was on the trigger, and his eye glanced through the sights. It was too late to interfere. Any attempt at that might bring about the dreaded result. The hunter, as he turned, saw this; and, halting in his tracks, stood straining and silent.

It was a moment of terrible suspense to all of us—a moment of intense emotions. The silence was profound. Every breath seemed suspended, every eye was fixed on the yellow object—not larger, I have said, than an orange. O God! will the shot never come?

It came. The flash—the crack—the stream of fire—the wild hurra—the forward rush—were all simultaneous things. We saw the shivered globe fly off. The girl was still upon her feet—she was safe!

I ran with the rest. The smoke for a moment blinded me. I heard the shrill notes of the Indian whistle. I looked before me. The girl had disappeared!

We ran on to the spot where she had stood. We heard a rustling in the underwood—a departing footstep. We knew it was she; but, guided by an instinct of delicacy, and a knowledge that it would be contrary to the wish of her brother, no one followed her. We found the fragments of the calabash strewed over the ground. We found the leaden mark upon them: the bullet itself was buried in the bark of the tree, and one of the hunters commenced digging it out with the point of his bowie. When we turned to go back we saw that the Indian had walked away, and now stood chatting easily and familiarly with Seguin. As we re-entered the camp-ground I observed Garey stoop and pick up a shining object. It was the *gage d'amour*, which he carefully readjusted round his neck in its wonted position. From his look, and the manner in which he handled it, it was plain that he now regarded that *souvenir* with more reverence than ever.

The reader has now before him a specimen of the living interest of the work; and if he will only fancy such pictures framed in the romantic and gorgeous scenery we have noticed at the beginning, he will be able to form a pretty accurate idea of a production as original in its faults as in its excellences.

### Column for Young People.

#### INDIAN SWEETMEATS.

You are all, no doubt, fond of rock, lollipop, or that delicious sweetmeat kept in the confectioners' windows in large glass-bottles, which bears the name of a hard substance, and yet melts in your mouth like snow. Rock is very popular in India too, and the Old Indian is now going to tell you something about it. It is pleasant to read how things are made in other countries; and although the Indians are far less civilised than we, and work with far inferior tools than ours, yet some of their manufactures—sweetmeats, and their rock among other things—are very good.

The Hindoos, like ourselves, eat peculiar sweetmeats and peculiar dishes at certain seasons of the year. We have our Christmas-bun, cross-bun, twelfth-cake, and mince-pie; and so they have their various sweetmeats,



with, to you, unpronounceable names, and their rock, called *tihwah*, which is only made at a certain festival—namely, the festival of Kali. You will be amused to read of the rock in all its stages of preparation. Every confectioner in October has a pole about six feet high at his door, and to this is nailed a great hook, about a foot long, and thick in proportion. On one side of this *hal-wah-ee's* (confectioner's) shop—everything in the East is done in the open air, and every one may gaze and ask questions, and will be civilly answered—you may behold a brisk fire, with a huge earthen-pan on it. Before this pan a man may be seen sitting—for nobody stands when he can sit—with a kind of wooden ladle, and with this he briskly stirs a quantity of bubbling, black-looking sugar till it becomes quite tough: he then scrapes it together, and puts it on a piece of board to cool a little, and then getting up, and dexterously throwing it on the large hook, he begins to pull out the tough substance. He draws it out to the length of four or five feet at a time, and throws it back, and elongates it again: and so he pulls and manipulates it till the mass becomes as white as snow.

At this stage of rock-making the halwabee, you may be sure, is tired enough; and so he wipes his brow, and sits down, and powders over his mass of sweets with bruised camphor and cardamums—two sweet-scented substances. He butters a few bright-looking brass trays, and rolls out the sugar into these, and strews it over with a thick coat of a nutty-flavoured seed called *till*—the Sesame of the 'Arabian Nights'; and it is then cut into squares, and the rock is made.

In the next shop there is displayed another sweetmeat of the season. Call not what we shall find a Noah's Ark, for you will see a great many more things there than the patriarch had under his roof. Here are presented groups of ladies and gentlemen, some a foot high, of light, yellow-looking sugar; there are also milkmaids and water-carriers, with *ghurrahs* on their heads and pots on their hips. There are also little barking-dogs, lounging Brahminy bulls, majestic cocks and pigeons with large crops, and the stately *Rut'h* (the car of Juggernaut.) One gets quite bewildered in this heterogeneous mass of sweets. The figures seem to have been made by pouring the sugar into moulds, and are, generally speaking, well-proportioned, shewing also a considerable spirit in their action and expression. Inquire the price of an article, and everything is wonderfully cheap—one, two, or three pice is the utmost that is asked; for sugar-cane in that land is plentiful, and labour little esteemed. I must not forget to tell you that, as an admixture with these sweet things, a preparation of wet rice, flattened by a heavy block, and toasted over a brisk fire of dried leaves, is eaten, which is called *choura*. It is crisp, and, when fresh, well-flavoured enough; but it requires good teeth to masticate it, and a good stomach to digest it.

Turn we now to another shop. There is something here which likewise belongs to the festival of Kali, and is very interesting, although not a sweetmeat. You fix your eyes on a long wooden bench, rising like an amphitheatre, covered over with a snow-white cloth, and upon this there are arranged all, and perhaps many more articles, than I have described before as being made in sugar, but formed here of baked clay, beautifully and appropriately painted with oil-paint, and varnished, and some besides powdered with talc. The display is gay in the extreme; and I have often looked at it with pleasure, and pronounced the potter of the East an ingenious man, who fashions with his hands the greatest of his idols, and the smallest lamp which is burned before it, and supplies also the cheap dish in which the sacrifice is placed before Mahadeo.

The toys which I have named are as reasonable in price as the sugar, and three or four rupees would buy the whole of the contents of the toyman's shop.

What I have now described may be seen at any time of the day; but the procession of the horrible idol Kali—which is a fierce, black-looking Amazon, with coarse, flowing hair, and bloodstained hands—commences at four in the afternoon. She is carried, with beating drums and sounding gongs, and the din of thousands of voices, to the river,

and deposited in the Gunga amidst the plaudits of her worshippers. Gradually the day declines, and the shades of evening close over these extraordinary scenes; the air becomes cool; and the dust settles down. When it is about dark, preparations are made for an illumination; stakes and bamboos, fanciful trellises, arches, and festoons of split bamboos, which had been previously prepared and dotted over with patches of wet clay, are now covered with little lamps filled with oil, in which floats a small cotton-wick. As if by magic, the flickering lights begin all to blaze at once; for there are hundreds of idle loungers and boys about the shops, who take a delight in lighting them. Now is the time for European little boys and girls to sally forth and see the gay scene. Displays of toys, paint and tinsel, look best by candle-light; and so the toys shine, the sugar glitters, and, 'like snow in moonshine,' the rock looks whitest by the blaze of these innumerable oil-lamps: even the choura then appears a tempting thing.

O what happy little faces I have seen on this fantastic day! and how happy I have been myself carrying away basketfuls of toys and men of sugar!

The festival of Kali, I may add, which is styled *De-un-lee*, is held on the last four days of the decrease of the moon in October. The last night—on which the procession takes place—is the grandest and noisiest. Fine weather may almost with certainty be looked for at this time of the year; and so the crowds of gazers run no risk of being put to flight, or the illumination of being extinguished, by the showers of rain that have such a habit of 'assisting' at an English festival.

#### REASON IN ANIMALS.

Mr Cunningham, banker, Dunee, has a Skye terrier of noted cat-hunting propensity, and which frequently accompanies its master on shooting excursions. Some time ago, it treed a cat one morning in the garden, and after yelping and scratching at the foot for five minutes, it suddenly turned away and ran into the house! Its master soon after heard a noise in the kitchen passage down stairs, and on going down found that the dog had contrived to disengage a gun from its nail, and was now eagerly dragging it by the woollen case up the short flight of steps leading to the front of the house. No doubt was entertained that the sanguinary little creature, remembering the destructive powers of the gun in the field, was acting under a belief that the same weapon might secure the death of the treed cat—reason having carried it thus far, but having at the same time failed to shew how little use it could have made of the gun after dragging it into the proposed scene of operations.

Major B—, a retired military man, possesses a handsome little villa on the sea-side at the town of North Berwick. In the surrounding garden is a small pond encircled with pebbles, a favourite haunt of a couple of gulls which the major has established for the repression of the slug population. Three or four years ago, the major was one Saturday expecting a couple of bachelor friends to dinner, and designing to treat them to his best, he popped a bottle of champagne into the pond that it might be kept cool till it should be required at table. Half an hour or so thereafter, hearing a great flutter and cackle going on in the garden, he went out to see what was the matter, when behold the two gulls were found enjoying themselves uproariously over his champagne! They had contrived to break the bottle about its shoulder by letting it fall hard on the pebbles, and no sooner was the breach effected than they had proceeded to regale themselves with the liquor. They were now thoroughly tipsy, yet not so far gone as to be unconscious of the immorality of their proceedings, for immediately on catching a glimpse of the major, they hopped off with a great cry of alarm, and were no more seen that afternoon.

These two anecdotes have reached us through such channels as to give us perfect assurance of their authenticity; they could, indeed, be probably matched by most persons who have noticed the efforts at reasoning in some of the lower animals. For example, we possess a favourite

dog of the small spaniel variety, Fiddy, by name, which does very surprising things in the way of observing. On one occasion, when we were from home, Fiddy was found in a state of extreme agitation opposite our portrait which hung on the wall, and which, to all appearance, she recognised and mistook for the original—by the way, as high a compliment to the artist as that which was paid to a certain painter by the birds which pecked at the representation of fruit on his canvas.

### THE TWO TEMPLES.

Time was when Shinar's eastern plain  
Was peopled with the tribes of earth,  
Sworn in their pride to rear a fane

To grace the scene of Empire's birth,  
Where man with man in union strong  
Might firmly fix the rule of wrong.

The dread design was vain as vast  
Before high Heaven's aroused wrath;  
And o'er the face of earth outcast,  
Each nation soon its separate path  
Of wealth, or war, or peace pursued,  
Subduer oft, and oft subdued.

Thus man's dark passions, self-destroyed,  
To crush the good have powerless been  
That, still upspringing in the void

Their strife had left, arose unseen,  
Till in its calm and hallow'd shade  
Her home lost Love again hath made.

Time is when to the western shore  
From farthest east, and north, and south,  
The nations of the world, once more  
Together banded, pour them forth,  
Their mighty monument to raise  
Of Arts' new triumphs now in praise.

Fair first-fruit of Love's genial sway,  
And foretaste of a happier hour,  
When woes of war have passed away,  
And 'neath her noon of peaceful power  
Shall Science, bursting Error's chain,  
Its rule o'er all the earth regain!

FRITZ.

### IMPOSSIBILITIES POSSIBLE.

What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? and that, although so remote from us that a cannon-ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years reaching it, it yet affects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second; or that there exist animated and regularly organised beings, many thousands of whose bodies, laid close together, would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second! That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see. Nay, more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of colour. That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second! Do not such

things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.—*Herachel.*

### ADVERTISEMENT DUTIES.

It will be learned through the public channels of information, that there has been a careful and lengthened investigation by a committee of the House of Commons respecting the stamp-duty on newspapers. In the evidence taken on this interesting subject there appears to have been some curious information furnished by the manager of the 'Times.' He mentioned that the 'Times' proprietary had paid L.66,000 last year, the average circulation of the paper per day being 39,000 copies; and that the supplement attached to this large number was actually too great to pay. He goes on to say:—"The value of the supplement consists of advertisements, and those advertisements pay a certain sum, of course, to the proprietors; that sum is fixed; it is the same on a small impression as it would be on 100,000. As the sum which is paid for paper, printing, and so on, fluctuates, and is increased by the amount of circulation, of course there is a certain point at which the two sums balance each other. Suppose that the value of the advertisements in the supplement was L.200, you would know that you could publish as many papers as would cost L.200 to manufacture in paper, stamps, and printing, and if you go beyond that you publish at a loss; that is, of course, obvious. The greater the circulation the greater the loss, beyond a certain limit." It was asked: "Do you not mean that the profit is less?" To which the manager replied: "No; the greater the absolute loss from a circulation beyond the point at which the expenditure and receipts balance each other." He repeated, "an absolute loss;" and he made the point clear, beyond all possibility of mistake, by taking the instance of the very day before he gave his evidence—namely, May 27—when the value of the advertisements in the supplement precisely balanced the expenditure on the paper, and the printing of further copies was stopped. The government charges paid that day by the 'Times,' in the shape of direct taxation, for that one publication, amounted to L.395! Again, he says: "I have no doubt in the world that, if there were no considerations beyond a mere desire to circulate the paper, that it would double itself within a couple of years;" and at present from ten to twelve columns of advertisements are excluded daily from the 'Times' for want of room notwithstanding the supplement."

To compare small things with great—the position of the 'Times' may be said to illustrate our own inability to accept advertisements for our pages. We are occasionally advised to extend the size of our sheet, or issue a supplement, so as to afford space for advertisements, 'which would be so very profitable.' The truth being that the expense for paper and printing of our impression—from 60,000 to 70,000 copies—goes far beyond what could be realised by any charge for advertisements. The thing, therefore, is practically impossible. Latterly, however, to meet a very general call, we have begun to print an Advertising Sheet, which is done up with our Monthly Parts. As these Parts use up about 35,000 copies of the impression, there is a system of advertising so far in connection with our circulation, although the cost to advertisers is necessarily high. Should any modification take place in the fiscal burdens affecting the press, it will be for us to consider how far any improvements of an acceptable nature may be made on 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.'

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.